Volume LIX CHICAGO, MAY 23, 1907 Number 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Across The Line

Into the river of my life still flow
Streams of delight from youth's unfailing springs;
By every flower that blows and bird that sings
My heart is thrilled as in the long ago;
All aspirations youthful dreamers know—
for Man—for self; the joy that service brings;
faith without folly—honors void of stings;
These quenchless orbs still keep my skies aglow.
Mine also the amazement of the child
At War's persistent shame—earth's sorrow old;
And at men's strife to hoard, who need but bread.
O rills of blessedness divinely mild,
Into my being's tide perpetual rolled!
from your sweet founts no stain, no grief, I dread.

JAMES H. WEST.

CONTENTS

Prayer 179
EDITORIAL—
Notes 179
Editorial Wanderings 180
The Growing Passion for Unity 181
THE PULPIT—
Enduring Hardness—Rev. Charles E. Perkins 182
The Coming Revival—Rev. Wallace M. Short 184
CORRESPONDENCE—
Caroline Bartlett Crane 185
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
The Annual Meeting 186
THE WATCH TOWER—C. A. O 186
Crosby Called Back—*Edwin Markham* 187
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 188
Make Your Heart a Little Bower—*Frederick Langbridge* 188
What They Wanted—*N. A. M. Roe* 188
THE FIELD—
Professional Notes—M. E. H 189

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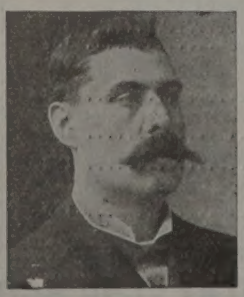

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UNITY

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VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1907 NUMBER 12

PRAYER.

Inscrutable spirit of Life, Thy will be done!
Remove from us, in thine own good time, all doubt
That Thy will alone is, or ever can be, done.
We are beginning to see that in the pride of our present state
We set our wisdom against Thy wisdom,
And the experiences through which we pass by reason of this pride
Are good for us, we know, for by Thy will it must be so.

When at length the Comfort of Faith in the excellence of Thy will
Shall have descended upon us—when indeed we shall have awakened
From this nightmare of separateness which makes us doubt the Oneness of All There Is,
Then shall we be able, truly, and without hypocrisy, to pray: Thy will be done!
Then shall we realize that Thy will is the expression of boundless Love,
And Love causes all things to work together for harmony and joy.

And in that hour we shall know that loss is swallowed up in gain,
That suffering is needful to an appreciation of pleasure,
That death is as necessary as birth.
Thy Will Be Done!

CONTRIBUTED.

There is something in a name after all! *"The Native American"* is the title of the school paper of the Indian school at Phoenix, Arizona. This name sets one a-thinking. The Indian on his pony beside a giant cactus, which forms the frontispiece of the magazine, presents his claim in a more dignified manner when he takes to himself the title "American" by prior right.

The long senatorial deadlock in the Wisconsin legislature seems to have been settled at last, to the reasonable satisfaction of all parties concerned. From the start it was an amiable contest; it was clearly a case of "I would be satisfied with either were the other dear charmer away." All the applicants were men of honor and progressive spirit. On that account it was a more significant illustration of the way not to do it. Fortunately when the next vacancy occurs in Wisconsin the possibility of another "deadlock" will be removed, for the nomination will be by a popular vote of the people. The upper house of the national congress cannot much longer hold out against public sentiment and the accumulating intelligence by refusing to submit to the states a constitutional amendment that will make the senatorship an elective office.

The annual report of the National Association of Audubon Societies for 1906 is before us, a beautiful pamphlet full of bird lore. This is a society with a purpose; it is that of protecting the birds from the vandalism of the bird-wearing gender, not simply on sentimental grounds, though no one need apologize for the susceptibility to a shock in this direction, but on economic grounds as well. The well being of garden, orchard and field is at stake. Among the facsimile reproductions in the pamphlets is one of a letter from President Roosevelt which says:

> "Both Mrs. Roosevelt and myself are in hearty sympathy with the work of your society, particularly in their efforts to stop the sale of the so-called 'aigrettes,' the plumes of the white heron. If anything, Mrs. Roosevelt feels more strongly than I do in the matter."

May the "First Lady" of the land have many followers.

A recent number of "Ethical Addresses" contains an address by Leslie Willis Sprague on "What an Ethical Culture Society Is For." The address was first delivered in Philadelphia in 1904, but is now printed for the first time. It is a clear and forceful insistence that ethics must rest on the ideal, the preservation of which he asserts is the object of the Ethical Society. He says:

> That which is significant in every religion is not its dogma, but its vision; not its principles, but its inspirations; not its beliefs,, but its undertakings. In the presence of the ideal, inspirations, which surpass the power of utterance in words but which lead us ever onward to growth and fulfilment, shall more and more be infused into the practical deeds of every day, to transform them into the image of the ideal, and to fulfil them in terms of vital human experience. It is for such things as these that the Ethical Society exists.

To these words we would add a hearty "Amen!" but when in the next sentence the speakers asserts, "These needs can be supplied by the Ethical Society *as by no other human association,*" the brother falls back out of the realm of ethics into the realm of dogma, the danger of the preacher asserts itself. The time has not yet come to deal in such superlatives concerning the Ethical Society movement or any other movement. The Ethical societies represent one more attempt to give organized expression to the higher needs and potencies of the spiritual life, and, like all preceding attempts, has found itself beset with limitations, disappointments and failures. It has a work to do and in halting human fashion it pursues its task. So is it with all the other organized attempts to advance the kingdom of righteousness. From Jerusalem to Rome, from Rome to New York or Philadelphia, from Isaiah to Felix Adler, from Paul to Theodore Parker, every high venture is justified, however, painful the disappointments and obvious the defects.

A pamphlet containing the addresses delivered in memory of Ernest Howard Crosby, at Cooper Union, lies before us. Among the speakers were the Rev. Leighton Williams, Hamlin Garland, Dr. Jane C. Robbins, Edwin Markham, and many others. Felix Adler, W. D. Howells, E. C. Stedman, Tolstoy, John Mitchell, T. W. Higginson, W. J. Bryan, Edwin D. Mead and others wrote letters. The world has been quick to recognize the heroes of war and history promptly gives them a place on its pages. How slow has it been to give equal recognition to the heroes of peace, the splendid soldiers of love! Edwin Markham read what he called "The Little Ode," which we print on another page, and the audience sang the following lines, written by Annie Winsor Allen in memory of Charles B. Spahr, a companion light-bearer:

Bringers of hope to men,
Bearers of light,
Eager and radiant,
Glad in the right,
'Tis from these souls aglow
Man learns his path to know.
They as they onward go
Bear on the light.

What though they fight to lose,
Facing the night!
Morning will find them still
Seeking the height.
What though this stress and strain
Makes all their hopes seem vain!
They through the bitter pain
Bear on the light.

Brothers of all that live,
They aid us all.
May our hearts, touched with fire,
Leap to their call.
Their voices, clear and strong,
Ring like a rallying song,
"Upward against the wrong!
Bear on the light!"

Mayor Busse of Chicago must have surprised his friends as well as his foes again last week in summarily requesting the resignation of ten or more members of the Board of Education. These members were appointed by the previous Mayor and confirmed by the common council. The legitimate expiration of the term of office varied from a few weeks to two or more years. This was following a precedent established by himself when a few weeks before he supplanted the civil service board in the same fashion. This we believe is unprecedented action, and of course is justified by his friends on the score that the drastic measure was necessary in order to interfere with some revolutionary action pending in the Board, although the Mayor himself disclaims any such reason, and we believe the right-minded people in Chicago had little expectation of any "deeds of violence" being perpetrated by these members, whose honesty and sincerity no one doubts. Whatever may be thought of the appointments in the city school board, either by former Mayor Dunne or by Mayor Busse, it must be a matter of universal regret and a public calamity that the government of Chicago's schools, the education of our future citizens, should be made a tail to the political kite. It will come as a distinct surprise to many that even the new and much lauded "new charter" leaves the school system and all its policies subject to the personal preference of any mayor who happens to be elected. It is fortunate that we are to have a four-year term, but it is a crime in this day of civil service to subject the school board, superintendent and teachers to the heartless mercies of party politics. We hope that the legality of Mayor Busse's action will be tested in the courts. If it is to be justified, perhaps the Chicago public, being forewarned, will prefer to go a while longer without a "new charter" rather than perpetuate such a danger.

Editorial Wanderings

Recent editorial wanderings have carried the Senior Editor to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he met the little group of ministers who represent the Southern Unitarian Conference. This is an heretical band which is contending, with a degree of orthodox confidence and dogmatic severity long since passed in the north. Here also he met Lyman Ward, the heroic founder and leader of the Camp Hill (Alabama) school for white boys and girls. His work is worthy of all commendation, and we hope UNITY readers will not forget that the education of the negro is indeed "but half the general educational problem of the south. There is a class of whites whose trouble is merely arrested development, who respond eagerly and hopefully to educational opportunities." With the meagerest equipment Mr. Ward is conducting an educational institution on most advanced lines. It is a small Tuskegee without the dramatic elements and the triumphant demonstrations that command general support. A recent calamity in the way of a fire destroyed Mr. Ward's barn, his working mules and machinery, leaving him but a yoke of oxen and crippled equipment. But, notwithstanding the loss, the ninety boys and girls are heroically facing the task of doing the work in house, garden and field, while they carry on their studies.

A few days later the editor was at Kendallville, Indiana, talking Browning to a large afternoon audience; and last Sunday morning he preached to an inspiring audience, made up of the students and teachers of the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Engineering at Ames, Iowa, this under the auspices of the school. In the afternoon he preached, by invitation of some of the citizens of the town, in the Congregational church, the minister and pastor of the Baptist church joining in the service.

It is a far cry from the heresy-branded Unitarians of the South to the enlightened welcome and the spiritual fellowship of the brotherhood at Ames; from the only white public school in Tallapoosa County, Alabama, to the magnificently equipped institution of Iowa, but the word and work of UNITY reach from one to the other, and the unexplored territory beyond these points.

The Growing Passion for Unity

The *Advocate of Peace,* always interesting, in the May number bristles with inspiration. Its pages are wholly given over to the great Peace Congress recently held in New York. This meeting is spoken of editorially as follows:

> The Congress was a revelation to all of us, even to those best acquainted with the extraordinary progress of the peace movement in recent years. It made clear beyond cavil that the wish to see militarism arrested and peace permanently established among the nations is no longer confined to a few advanced spirits of exceptional philanthropic and idealistic turn, but now pervades the rank and file of men and women of all classes, from the ordinary private citizen of the farm, the shop and the office, to the men occupying the highest official positions in public life.
>
> * * *
>
> After such a meeting, the ideal of the permanent peace of the world can no longer be called visionary and impracticable. To so characterize it is to impeach the intelligence of the nation.

The facts and figures offered in the reports fully justify this high estimate. It is reported that delegates registered from thirty-eight different states of the union; out of 30,000 invitations sent out twelve or fifteen hundred were accepted. The register of the Congress shows as enrolled in its list of membership eight cabinet officers, ten United States senators, nineteen members of the house of representatives, four justices of the supreme court, twelve state chief justices, nine state governors, two members of The Hague court, sixty New York editors, twenty-seven multi-millionaires, thirty labor leaders, ten mayors, eighteen college and university presidents, forty bishops, twenty state superintendents of public instruction, and any number of leading rabbis, clergymen, noted women, etc. The questions discussed were of profound importance and in the main touched as profound agreements, all of them pointing to a growing passion for brotherhood, a real incorporation in daily life and conduct of the pacific relations that belong thereto. It was not simply an emotional burst of indignation against the cruelties of war but a pretty clear grip of the what-to-do-about-it and how to do it. If private property and pacific commerce can only be guarded on the high seas as they are now on land, if the loan of private money to belligerent parties be stamped as a violation of neutrality, and if a sober second thought be insisted upon between hostile nations before the last resort is appealed to, international war is practically abolished from the civilized world.

The old political maxim, "In times of peace prepare for war," found little lodgment in the wisdom of this body. Says the editor of the *Advocate of Peace:*

> When President Roosevelt's rather long letter was read, there was respectful attention to what he as the Chief Magistrate of the nation said, but his adroit and labored defense of militarism of an advanced type—for that is what it really was—met with almost no sympathetic response in any part of the vast audience. His theory, advanced on every possible occasion, that thorough preparation for war is the surest guaranty of peace, fell on this occasion on the unwilling ears of men and women who had thought the matter through and knew that he was radically wrong in this position. They had not come together to bolster up the ignorant and barbarous past, but to assist in bringing in a system of international conduct founded on the principle that the only way to have peace is to prepare for peace, to cultivate and manifest the spirit and the methods of peace. Every reference of the President to this constructive side of the work of peace was as heartily applauded as his reactionary utterances were heard with regret. The same was true on other occasions besides that of the reading of the President's letter. Nothing in the Congress was more remarkable than this solid spirit of opposition to the theory that the peace of the world is to be ushered in by the arts of war.

The resolutions passed as well as the discussion and the reception of the same by the press and the pupit of the nation show that the stream is deep as well as wide that bears humanity on towards brotherhood.

Internationalism in statesmanship finds its counterpart in interdenominationalism in religion. The logic of protestantism, that in the past has made for sectarianism, has had its run, has worked itself out to a logical absurdity and to a practical imbecility, and the demand for reason in matters of religion which once insisted on differentiation for conviction's sake, now makes for union because in the freedom exercised the devotee has discovered the unimportant quality of the things differed about compared with the important nature of the things agreed upon. Denominationalism is justified by an appeal to history. A more profound appeal to history will prove that the sectarian attitude is based upon a superficial interpretation of human nature and the religion resting thereon. Denominationalism springs out of a conviction that theological opinions, metaphysical distinctions and textual interpretations were adequate if not the only adequate basis of religious fellowship. When the real truth is discovered that such distinctions and interpretations are never adequate bases of religious faith and fervor, still less of religious co-operation and fellowship, the tendency to further divide gives place to the tendency to obliterate old lines and to ignore old divisions.

If we read aright, the agitations in the religious world today, the inspirations of religious gatherings parallel the inspirations of the great meeting in New York. They indicate a holy hunger for a togetherness that makes tasteless the sectarian inspirations and the denominational war cries.

The argument, "Suffer it so to be now that later along, some time, we may the better appreciate and enforce the conditions of peace," does not satisfy in the realms of politics, statesmanship or religion. "The hour cometh and now is when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Perhaps we are just beginning to come into a co-operative sense of the fundamental meaning of this text. We de not believe that new sects of Christianity or new denominations in religion are to spring up in the future as they have in the past. Science, human experience, the growth of civilization, all are opposed to such tendency, but, to the contrary, they make for a benign togetherness in the large interests of life.

"If there is to be war, let it begin here!" said Captain Parker on the Lexington Green. His true descendants say, in the councils of religion, in statecraft and in politics, "If there is to be peace and co-operation, let it begin right here!"

THE PULPIT

Enduring Hardness

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. CHARLES E. PERKINS IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, KEOSAUQUA, IOWA.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—II Timothy, ii, 3.

There is a passage in a letter that Theodore Parker wrote to a friend who was in the midst of deep affliction that is very suggestive of the value of the religion of duty, in the dark passages of human life. "There are sorrows," said he, "that can't be thought down, nor dreamed down, nor wept down, but which *may* be worked down." And another passage comes to my mind, this time from the journal of that heroic woman, Louisa May Alcott, having the same purport. "Work of head and hand," she wrote, "is my salvation when disappointment or weariness burden and darken my soul."

In dealing with the pathos and tragedy of existence, we want somewhat substantial, if we are looking for remedies. Sentimental religion may do well enough for sentimental troubles, but when the real troubles come there must be something less frothy than sentimentalism to oppose them. A well-meaning but shallow person counseled Longfellow, at the time of his wife's awful death, to "bear his cross with resignation." "Ah," was the poet's response, "suppose one is stretched upon that cross!" The commonplaces of religious comfort have this to their credit, that the people who utter them *want* to say something that will help. But too often they open no vista of hope or cheer. Even the counsel to lay it all on God, or on Christ, is mostly vain counsel. It can't be done, nor in my opinion, would it be any advantage if it could be done; indeed, and emphatically, quite the contrary. No man believes more firmly than I that there is divine help for those who are hard beset, and for the sorrow laden; but it can *only* be *help;* it can't be the *entire removal* of the hardship or the *entire bearing* of the grief. To endure is a part of the experience of the world and a part which none can be excused from. The search for a way of evading a matter that belongs to human life should give place to a search for something that will best enable us to bear our burdens as bravely as possible; bear them, and transmute them into forces for God and goodness.

Rational beings must consider the actual world, and the fact that all life is exposed, and necessarily, to a great variety of vicissitudes. We cannot make the world over; we cannot put accidents, disappointments, want, sickness and death out of it. Some of these unfortunate and mournful features of life are undoubtedly capable of mitigation, but none of them can be wholly retired. No, when all is said and done, this realm of existence is and forever must remain subject to a vast number and variety of happenings that cause hardship, suffering of body, wounding of heart and agony of mind to the human race.

This condition of things we must face. It is only a common sense realization of the truth, to make up our minds that some degree and amount of hardship and suffering must come to us, each and all. It is the common lot. No man or woman has ever escaped it and none ever will.

It is not well, or it would not be well, wholly to escape such bitter experiences. I say this deliberately, knowing well, as every man who has reached my years must know well, what some of the bitter cups are that human beings must drain. I do not say that the business of piling hardships upon man, of torturing him with pain, of loading him with sorrows cannot be overdone. It *can* be overdone. There is such a thing as crushing a man or a woman under these things. Yet even in these cases we are to remember God, and the divine pity, and take heart of the rational faith that things are evened up in a world where compensations prevail. But leaving the extreme cases out of the question for the present, I repeat that *some* acquaintance with the hardships of this mortal life has profound reason beneath it, and having profound reason beneath it there must be a way of living through these things, and transmuting them into benefits for the world and for one's own character.

I am reminded of an expression of Robert Louis Stevenson's in a letter to his friend, William Archer. "It is easy," he writes, "to have too much pain and sorrow; easy also, or possible, to have too little; enough is required that a man may appreciate what elements of consolation and joy there are in everything except absolutely overpowering physical pain or disgrace; and how, in almost all circumstances, the human soul can play a fair part." The story of Stevenson's own brave fight with pain and weakness gives weight to such words as these.

But always when I think on this subject there comes up before my mental vision the picture of a fair-faced woman, sitting in a wheeled chair in which she has been sitting for one and twenty-years, except as she has been lifted out of it by the strong arms of servant or friend—a fair-faced woman who began her discipline of pain and enforced inactivity when a girl of 16 in school, who in all these long years has never been able to lift hand to face, to straighten a limb, or to use more than the thumb and forefinger of her left hand; who, sitting in that wheeled chair, has seen her mother fall sick and die, and then her father fall sick and die, enduring the agony of utter inability to lift a hand to minister to them for whom she would gladly have given her life; who has grown from girlhood to middle age in that chair, and who is perfectly conscious that she must sit in it until she dies. Yes, when I think of life's tragedy of pain and sorrow, when I think of those whose lot it is to endure hardness running on through the years of life, there is always before my mind the figure of this woman, who must be nameless here in the print, the friendship of whom I count among the purest and sweetest and strongest and most inspiring influences that have ever come into my life. For this woman has so "endured" her "hardness," has so borne her cross of agony as to make herself a veritable angel of goodness to every person who has ever known her. Such patience as she has shown I would not have believed possible had I not been witness of it. Patience, said I! That is not the word. Cheeriness, sunnyness, happiness—either of these words were better. Never a complaint, never a reference to her own infirmities, but an unfailing smile upon her face, an unfailing interest in everybody else, and unfailing sympathy for the sorrows and misfortunes and hardships of others—these have been the outgoings from the soul of this *living martyr.* Four years I was her pastor, knowing her hardly less intimately than I knew the members of my own household. Fifteen years she has honored me by being my correspondent. And having known her so long and well, and having known in her not the least shadow of a shade of rebelliousness at her lot, or of morbidness; having never known a complaint to issue from her

lips or be expressed by her pencil—and I was with her when her father died, and when her faithful, devoted housekeeper died—she stands in my judgement the most perfect embodiment and living example of the truth of the assumption that hardship and pain and sorrow have a divine mission in this world and can be so endured as to raise the common life to higher plane, while lifting the sufferer to the ranks of God's human angels.*

I spoke, in the beginning of my sermon, of *work* as the remedy for the sorrows and hardships of life. It is a boon beyond price. In nothing was the old theology more radically astray from the truth than in its proclamation that labor is the curse of God. Call labor one of God's greatest blessings, most noble benefactions, and you tell the truth about it. Useful labor heads off sin, as it overrides despair. Religion is nothing, is less than nothing to the able-bodied man and woman *until they work at it.* For religion as an ecstasy, as a comfortable dream, as a hilarious sense of being "saved" by somebody else, I have a very poor opinion. Religion is only worthy of respect when—always if the person have the ability—it shows itself in *acts* that have the spirit and temper of the Golden Rule. It is

> "——the deed and not the creed
> That helps men in their daily need."

And when one is working out his faith then the virtue of it reacts upon the soul of him, to make him a better man if he is sinful, to make him more serious if he is thoughtless, to give him hope if misfortunes cluster about him, to lift his heart if he is burdened with the heaviness of grief.

And when one cannot work? Is there then, no comfort?

My friends, do you remember that sublime line of the great poet's, written after blindness had fallen upon him:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Greater heroism it requires to endure hardness when for any reason the bodily activities are hampered or stayed. Great danger there is, in those circumstances, that the active mind may prey upon itself, and in its helplessness to make the body do its energetic bidding, grow fretful, rebellious and despairing. But the living example to whom I have directed your attention, of one stricken almost into a statue in the very flush of an eager youth, proves that even the most active and ambitious mind, enshrined in an almost helpless body, may find ways of serving, and under the long discipline of years bear its own burdens with marvelous cheer, and be at the same time an influence of pure sunshine on the pathways of men and women and little children around.

And there is something in addition, to which I wish to call your attention here. The ambition to do and the will to do, with those who cannot do, *are with God, the perfect equivalent of the deed.* God accepts the eager heart's *desire* to labor for things good and true *at full value of the thing actually done,* when the hands are holden that they cannot work. And God has ways of letting his faithful ones *know* that he *credits them on his books,* every day *for a full day's work,* under such conditions, and of imparting all the peace belonging to a noble industry to their minds and lives.

In my religious philosophy it is of the first importance that a man should have some sort of *intellectual content* with this world, and with the natural manner of life in it, *because it is God's world.* If there is no justification for anything in this sphere of existence then the very life mankind are forced to live here is a solemn accusation against God. The old theology, with its accursed world, with its assertion that "The world is very evil," and only evil—the old theology affirming this about the world, and then going on to assert the absolute righteousness of the God who made the world such as it is, has broken down. If there is nothing good in this world—one hesitates to say it, but it is true—then there is small ground for believing that there is very thoroughgoing goodness in God.

Now the hard thing to square with faith in the thoroughgoing goodness of God is the realizing sense which all thoughtful persons have of the almost immeasurable hardship and suffering that go along with the life men live here. But if, in spite of the vast mass of human pain and misery, there is to be seen and experienced a wide territory of health and quiet happiness; nay, if the very pain and misery can be shown to have, at least in appreciable part, a mission of divineness: i. e., a capability of raising the moral and spiritual level of life, and by their discipline refining the nature of man in all its features—then the account against the world shows such credits that we begin to see that a good deal is to be said in its favor. And as every time to the credit of life here is an item of strength for our faith in God it becomes a very important matter in any really satisfactory religious philosophy to respect the world and its order of life, if so be there are any solid grounds for so doing.

Now you may say what you will against the world, you may pile up your testimonies to the evils of life here as high as the example you find will let you; before you give your verdict against the world, a verdict which, as I have said, must be against God if it be against the world, you must in all fairness consider this: that this very world has been the dwelling place of all the virtue and goodness, of all the peace and pleasantness, of all the martyr heroisms and of all the saintly enduring patience that have ever been known, or thought of, or dreamed about. Where do we get our ideas of heaven but from earthly love and friendliness and kindness, the joy and beauty of nature and of human intercourse, the glory of study and of labor and the consciousness of a deep pervading and sane and beneficent purpose underlying all things that have been part and particle of our experience here? There is no thought of good, nor hope of good that has not had an earthly genesis. There is no angelic, or even God ideal, that has not had, at least its counterpart, in the angel traits and godlike traits of human beings. "The goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles," the innumberable throng of the faithful and true and just and kind who have lived and worked and suffered and endured, who have "fought the good fight" for the good cause of truth and humanity—because we have known these here on earth we have confidence to believe in a world beyond the sky-line where the good, the heroic, the saintly, the true-hearted shall dwell forever.

Yes, all our ideas and ideals of heaven are modeled on the heavenly side of things on earth. The earthly life gives us our standing ground for every time of confidence in a final outcome of good elsewhere. For I care not what revelations in a sacred book there might be, setting forth the goodness and love of God and the blessedness of an immortal world, if there were

*And this, one of the most perfect characters that I ever knew, or ever expect to know in earth or heaven, is a Unitarian. I want you to know that.

not good here in the hearts and lives of men to give us an experience with which to start in our faith, the book revelations would be to us as though they had never been made. If we believe what the Bible declares about the goodness and love of God it is because we have learned from humanity what love and goodness are. If we rest in the Bible's assertion that God is the Father it is because we know from a happy experience that holy parenthood is a divine reality here, and are thus prepared to believe that it may be a reflection from the perfect parenthood in our Creator.

A conviction that the world is not a place of unmixed evil, hardship and woe is therefore clearly possible. And not only this, but a conviction that in it there are great areas of excellence, great opportunities of noble satisfaction is clearly possible. And not only this, but a conviction that much of the world's hardship and suffering worketh a far more exceeding weight of blessed and beautiful and useful manhood and womanhood, is clearly possible; so that sometimes the brightest things of life come up out of the darkest, and the noblest character is evolved from the sharpest conflicts with sin, or from long years of daily intimacy with helpless weakness or racking pain. And, indeed, you may carry your investigations into the real nature of the world and life lower still and find, even as Emerson says, that

> "——in the mud and scum of things,
> There alway, alway something sings."

For it is a very noteworthy thing that nowhere do you find greater respect for humanity, stronger belief in the divine in man, profounder confidence in the moral value of the human unit, man and woman and child, than you do in the estimates held by such women as Jane Addams and such men as Graham Taylor, who live and for years have lived in daily and intimate contact with the crowded and struggling and half submerged masses in the hard districts of our great cities.

And what has this to do with enduring hardness? Much, my friends, very much. It gives us an object and a hope *outside of our own little lives.* If the world has shown to me the hardness of its face, if misfortune has claimed me for its own, if wasting sickness has attacked my body or heavy sorrow has overclouded my soul and I have no outlook beyond myself, no conception that there may be a divine order into which even my troubles may fit, no realization that by enduring what has come to me, "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" I may even make such troubles serve a blessed purpose to some other tired and despairing sufferer—if, I say, I take in none of these things, I shall not be likely to endure my hardness with much credit. Instead of overcoming I shall be overcome. Instead of climbing Godward and heavenward on the rounds of my afflictions and adversities I shall sink into that pitiable creature, a querulous, complaining, fretful, accusing man whose presence in any company turns brightest sunshine into gloom.

But if I see that God's way of making good is to bring it up through much tribulation, shall the sight not give me patience? If I see that cheerful endurance of my lot may make it easier for some other to endure an even harder lot shall not the sight furnish me with a generous motive in the force of which I shall be apt to suppress complaints and turn to the world a smiling face? If I see, in a word, that it is by making the best of bad and disheartening and even crushing experiences that the race of men grows saner and stronger and better, that all moral gain forever has come through *somebody's* suffering and struggle and perhaps forever must so come, then I see that even my little life has a place in a great plan; a great plan evolved by a wise, good God for helping the pilgrim feet of earth's toilers along the road to goodness and peace and heaven. And seeing and feeling all this, I *must* endure.

"Sufferance," says Shylock, "is the badge of all our tribe." It is more. It is the badge of humanity. But lament not that it is so. Suffering turned to devoted toil, suffering bravely borne, suffering wearing cheerful face, suffering finding the depths of human sympathy and love divine through its pains and griefs, has given the world its saintliest, its most heroic, its most worthy souls. And suffering gave us Christ! Some of you have had your citizenship in the great kingdom of pain, some of you have made close acquaintance with grief. All of you will have these experiences some time, for none escape. When your time comes, friends, take the larger view, look away from self as much as with you is possible, try to realize that in your suffering you may accomplish some high purpose of God in this his struggling world, and I believe you will be brave, and will endure your hardness like the good soldier of Jesus Christ. And the end of it all will be a world set forward a little, your life at peace, and the joy of heaven sure to be yours when God shall take your hand and lead you from this world across the threshhold into that other, where the best hopes of this find their eternal fulfillment.

Keosauqua, Ia.

The Coming Revival

ABSTRACT OF RECENT SERMON BY REV. WALLACE M. SHORT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The coming revival will spring up out of the common soil of modern thinking and modern need, as every real revival has done. It will not be conjured up out of the depths, nor prayed down out of the skies, but will come of man's re-discovery of himself; of his history and psychology and soul hunger. It will deal with the art of right living here upon the earth. Its prayer will be "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on the earth." It will take the old, eternal truths about man created in the divine image, and will apply them in the fresh modern light of modern biology and psychology. The questions of the individual, "Who am I? What am I here for?" will receive the full light of the history that is ancient and the science that is recent. The individual will be led to a re-discovery of his talent, which is himself, in a light that is both old and new. And his personal business will still be to make the most of his God-given talent.

Socially, the coming revival will teach a man to practice the art of brotherliness, which we now talk much about and try hard by laws and police to make the other fellow practice. This will involve a re-casting, almost re-creation, of the old system of ethics, and of the present ruling ambitions of men. Before the new revival comes, there must be a good deal of hard, clear thinking. The pulpit must begin it, and the entire church must take it up. At present almost the whole people, the church included, are a good deal at sea in the matter of religious truths and their application to individual destiny, and social ethics. For we have not, as a people, done much fresh, sincere thinking on religion for a good many years.

The thoughtful business man is very sure-footed up to a certain point. Then he suddenly stops. And if

he ventures at all beyond his line of certainties, it is to say, "We are up against things in several directions, industrially, socially, and religiously, and I do not know just what we are going to do next." The pulpit must learn to speak with authority again. And this is no easy task. It does not consist in vociferous reiteration of the things that people refuse any longer to believe with seriousness enough to take effect in their actual living. It requires that men shall get their bearings and their sure footing in the midst of present day conditions, problems and knowledge.

This speaking with authority demands a vastly wider outlook than the provincial confines of some sect of traditional orthodoxy, or some cult of social good form. And it demands a far deeper sincerity than any pride of progressiveness or any self-conscious liberalism. The pulpits that are most likely to be cock sure today are the reactionary ones that denounce evolutionary science, and literary criticism of sacred books, and gradual development theories in history and revelation. Yet all these methods and results are as well established in the world's thinking as the Copernican astronomy. The business of the pulpit is not primarily with these scientific and historical themes. But the pulpit must be well grounded in these—must know them so well that it has forgotten them, as it were, and speaks its message naturally in the language that strikes reality in present day thinking.

We who occupy pulpits are bound to confess that this task of thinking our way out to clearness and sure-footedness in modern thought and life has not been taken seriously enough as yet by most of the leaders of churches. We have sat too often in councils of ministers where most did not seem even to know that there is any problem at this point. Many seem to think that about the only task is to conjure up "an old time revival." And the poor preacher, feeling his own inability to do it, is ready to seize upon any sort of a "drawing card"—some Texas boy evangelist who ought to be at school in the grades; some converted gambler who seems to be proud of his past and without a very sure hold upon a better future; some lawyer who has mistaken his calling and is ready to come and speak the sure word of authority for the pulpit.

It is time that men of open mind and sincere purpose should call to one another across the chasms of all petty differences and help and encourage one another in the higher purpose to seize from all modern knowledge the Christian message that is at the heart of it, and use that message to aid the new transfigurations of individual and social life for which we are all praying.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear UNITY: I have before me a little book of such rich human significance that I must write to you about it.

It is a volume entitled "In Allah's Garden, and Other Poems," and the modest preface states that "the writer, bereft of husband and only child, sought solace, after her seventy-fifth birthday, in travel at home and abroad, and in the entirely new work of putting her thoughts in poetic expression." The little book is now published, for private circulation, in the eighty-second year of the writer, and it breathes the very spirit of courageous trust and a determined resolution not to let any personal sorrow, however great, blot out a generous interest in other human lives, or blind the sufferer to the blessings that remain.

Here are a few verses from the poem "To Aetna, on My Eightieth Birthday":

I fain would pierce the mists which hide
My loved ones from my mortal sight,
And learn if life and love abide
There, where it seems eternal night.

Oh, mountain peak, that soar'st so high,
What legends old dost thou conceal?
Had I but eagle's wings to fly,
I'd seek thy mystery to reveal,

Hoping at length a light might gleam
From heights above, or depths below,
And answer give me to my dream
Of things I vainly seek to know.

But if such longing must be vain,
And I must wait for answer sought,
I still will bless thee for the strength
Which sight of thee to me hath brought.
* * * * *

Thus may I bravely breast the storm,
Thus brightly hail the rosy light,
Thus calmly wait the opening morn
Which follows e'en the darkest night.

The little volume contains tender and even merry verses, full of sympathy for youth and love and the "good times" of life. And there's an appeal to the mayor of Grand Rapids to abate the smoke nuisance, and a number of extremely clever charades, all in verse, with a key which lets you know when you get the answer right, but gives no hint until you do get it right.

It has been my good fortune to know the writer for a number of years, as it was also my sad privilege to speak the last words after her lovely daughter passed away at the end of a painful and lingering illness most heroically borne—borne in a way which amazes one yet to think of, after all these years. I have never forgotten the lesson taught by this aged mother, in her feebleness of body, her gentleness of manner, and the perfect self-control and dignity with which she passed through this supreme sorrow, saying: "It seems I am the one ordained to go on living after those I love have gone. Well, I will live as best I can."

And living her best, she has been an inspiration to many other sorrow-stricken ones, and a lesson in faith and courage to us all.

This lady, Mrs. Caroline Williams Putnam, was born in Deerfield, Mass., in 1825, her father being Dr. Stephen West Williams. In 1852 she came to Grand Rapids, the bride of Dr. Lemuel D. Putnam, and here all her later life has been spent. She has been a lifelong Unitarian, and is still an interested friend and supporter of that cause.

Is it not good to know of such in the liberal fellowship—or any fellowship?

Let me add that, with the volume of poems kindly sent me by my friend, came this dainty little charade hastily penciled, which I'll leave your readers to guess:

My first two are a lovely flower
That opens in the morning hour.
My next a month in early spring,
When violets bloom and robins sing.
My last a place where wild beasts roam
And find themselves made quite at home.
My whole a city in the West
Which ranks among our very best.

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

Kalamazoo, Mich., May 12, 1907.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Annual Meeting

We are requested by the local committee in charge of arrangements for our annual meeting at Minneapolis on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28th and 29th, to give the outline program below and extend a cordial invitation to "all friends of God and man" to come to this conference on the high things of civic and social redemption. The promises already made indicate a meeting of great significance and power. It is a tremendous fact in itself that Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Unitarian and Trinitarian are ready to pray and plan together for the upbuilding of the one Kingdom of our God. Let all those who see this notice plan to reach Minneapolis for this great meeting.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
TUESDAY, MAY 28.
Morning Session.

10:00 A. M.
Address of Welcome.....REV. L. H. HALLOCK, D. D.
Pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church.
Response by Presiding Officer.
ADDRESS. "Church Unity as Related to Church Efficiency" .....REV. CYRUS A. OSBORNE
Secretary of the Congress of Religion, Chicago.
DISCUSSION:—Rev. C. M. Heard, D. D., Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, Rev. Alexander McGregor, D. D.

Afternoon Session.
Rev. R. T. Wiltbank, Olivet Baptist Church, Presiding.
2:00 P. M.—A CONFERENCE OF REFORMS.
(a) "Settlement Work".....MISS CAROLINE CROSBY
Of Unity House, Minneapolis.
(b) "Social Evangelism".....MISS ELEANOR HANSON
Of the Associated Charity Work, St. Paul.
(c) "The Anti-Saloon League"....REV. HENRY HOLMES
President of Minnesota State Anti-Saloon League.
(d) "The State's Dependent Children,"
SUPT. G. A. MERRILL
Owatonna, Minn.
(e) "Some Phases of Industrialism,"
REV. S. M. DICK, D. D.
Wesley M. E. Church, Minneapolis.
DISCUSSION.

Evening Session.
President Cyrus Northrop, Presiding.
8:00 P. M.—CONFERENCE OF REFORMS, *Continued.*
LABOR AND POLITICS.
(a) "The Labor Question".....REV. S. G. SMITH, D. D.
The People's Church, St. Paul.
(b) "The Saloon in Relation to Labor and Politics,"
REV. J. M. CLEARY
St. Charles Catholic Church, Minneapolis.
(c) "Political Needs".....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.
Morning Session.
Rev. G. S. Rollins, Minneapolis, Presiding.
10:00 A. M.—PHILOSOPHIC ASPECTS OF RELIGION.
(a) "The Religious Consciousness and Its Development" .....PROF. NORMAN A. WILDE, PH. D.
Professor Philosophy, State University.
(b) "Mysticism as a Form of Religion,"
PROF. DAVID A. SWENDSON
State University.
(c) "The Religious Significance of Poetry,"
PROF. R. WATSON COOPER.
Hamline University.
DISCUSSION.

Afternoon Session.
Rev. T. P. Thurston, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, Presiding.
2:00 P. M.—THE TRANSFORMATION OF HUMANITY INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.
(a) "The Evangelization of the Upper Classes,"
REV. M. D. SHUTTER
Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis.
(b) "A Plea for the Under Man"..REV. M. S. RICE, D. D.
First Methodist Church, Duluth.
(c) "The Church and Human Redemption,"
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
Chicago.
DISCUSSION.

Evening Session.
Rev. J. E. Bushnell, D. D., Westminster Church, Minneapolis, Presiding.
8:00 P. M.—RELIGION AS THE SUPREME FORCE IN HUMAN LIFE.
ADDRESSES:
PROF. GRAHAM TAYLOR, Chicago.
RABBI R. I. RYPINS, St. Paul.
REV. E. G. UPDIKE, Madison.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Reformation in Chicago Seminary.

Many friends of the Chicago Congregational Seminary felt the accession of Professor Graham Taylor to the Presidency would be the practical salvation of that institution; although Dr. Taylor would only become acting President the results have been most encouraging along both financial and theological lines. Henceforth the teaching is to be kept abreast of modern thought, according to the recent official announcement, and while Greek and Hebrew are made elective the modern demands on the ministry are very generously provided for in both curriculum and "laboratory" work. A Chair of Pedagogy has now been established in this seminary—the first one in the country to thus put itself in line with the newer developments in psychology and pedagogy. If only Professor Taylor does not break down under this new burden, added to his Atlantean problems at Chicago Commons, his practical touch with the real needs of human life will bring this "School of the Prophets" into real relation with the world.

Presbyterian General Assembly.

At Columbus, Ohio, last week the national gathering of the Presbyterians was largely attended and important actions were taken. Among other things there were strong resolutions adopted on Sunday rest and Sabbath observance. It was stated that upwards of six million people in the United States are employed on the Sabbath and the assembly pointed out several lines for improvement.

A Socialist Parade.

According to reports in the papers some thousands of men, women and children marched through the downtown districts Sunday afternoon in a protest against the well known letter of President Roosevelt, and an expression of sympathy for the men on trial for their lives in Boise City. Several young girls bore banners bearing the inscription credited to the young daughter of Haywood, "Will they hang my papa?" In spite of police warnings there were many red flags displayed and not a little radical speech making. Mrs. Raymond Robins was given the place of honor at the head of the parade—and the approval of her presence was given to a demonstration which conservative labor leaders freely and openly opposed, and whose moral significance is not easy to find.

Victory for Governor Hughes.

As our Watchman keenly discerned two weeks ago, the temporary defeat of the fearless governor of New York was only a prelude to a victory of unusual significance and importance; the tremendous influence of public sentiment has again made itself felt and Governor Hughes now looms on the horizon as a man who accomplishes things—and as a possible presidential candidate.

Home Rule for Ireland.

For the third time in twenty years the Liberal party in England has proposed a bill in Parliament described as "timid and conservative" and yet also spoken of as a certain stepping stone to complete home rule. The present measure only promises slight gain, and that chiefly in the overthrow of "Dublin Castle" as an anti-Irish institution, but newspaper reports quote John O'Callaghan, National Secretary of the United Irish League of America, as saying "with castle government as known in Ireland destroyed, complete home rule is assured."

The Moyer-Haywood Trial in Idaho.

As usual in such cases the task of selecting a jury in Boise City has been an arduous one and at present writing is not completed. The only important feature of the whole matter in recent days has been the increasing confidence on all sides that a fair and impartial trial will be secured. The unflinching attitude of Governor Gooding, the calm, fearless and impartial demeanor of Judge Wood, before whom Haywood is being tried, together with the placid state of public feeling, all go to indicate that "fair play" may be expected by the Federation of Miners. With our present jury system it will be difficult to convict the defendants no matter how clear the case—for "one man can hang the jury." The recent exposure of the history of Charles H. Moyer as a former Chicago crook and prisoner at Joliet has had some effect in deterring labor camps from pro-Moyer and anti-Roosevelt mass meetings and parades.

San Francisco "Boss" Confesses.

Abraham Ruef has entered a plea of guilty to the charge of extortion and will be sentenced to prison within a short time. It is asserted his confession will involve Mayor Schmitz and several other politicians. The Mayor has just turned over his office to a public committee of seven men whom he has asked to direct the city government. The confession was made, according to the assertion of the prisoner, because his own health and that of his family was giving way under the strain. He admits his technical guilt but denies personal profit and pleads force of political influence.

Stephenson Will Be Wisconsin Senator.

After a long battle the aged multi-millionaire of Marinette, and chief owner of the *Milwaukee Free Press*, was elected to succeed Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, last week. Mr. Stephenson is in his 78th year. He has long been prominent in political and financial circles and his election is regarded as a victory for Mr. La Follette. He served three terms in the lower House of Congress, beginning in 1882, and has made a record for himself. The chief opposition to him was inspired by his wealth, which he used generously, his support of La Follette, and his advanced age.

The Corey-Gilman Affair.

The aftermath of the Corey-Gilman nuptials in New York has been the universal condemnation of the minister, Mr. J. L. Clark, who performed the marriage ceremony, and of the shameless outrage of public decency in the "progressive polygamy" of the steel magnate. Although Mr. Clark was pastor of a Congregational Church, members of that sect took pains to explain his very recent arrival from another denomination—only three months since—as a means of escaping the obloquy brought upon their church. Then Mr. Clark repented, returned the fat fee, apologized to his congregation, was forgiven for his thoughtless error, and may yet leave the church. Apparently Mr. Clark sinned ignorantly but surely he had abundant opportunity to learn of the character of both principals to the wedding and of the disregard of social standards by the man who has legally (?) deserted an honorable wife and children. The incident is truly lamentable but it may prove wholesome as a revelation of the character and power of the present social conscience and of the penalty of ignoring it.

Plot Against the Czar.

In the very palace of the Czar a Nihilist plot has been discovered, which has been in process of development since Feb. 2nd, to assassinate the Czar. Apparently the Emperor's escape during Passion week was very narrow. Many arrests have been made and a number of men will be executed.

A Living Wage.

The recent strike of some fifteen thousand longshoremen in New York City and of other thousands of San Francisco street car operators, gives point to their claim that wages are practically the same as they were twenty years ago, while recent price statistics compiled by Mr. Sauerbeck, a recognized expert economist, show that the cost of living in America has advanced thirty-two per cent in ten years. The recent volume on "Christianity and the Social Crisis" by Professor Rauschenbusch—soon to be reviewed in these columns—gives many statistics along these lines which may well make the patriot and the churchman pause to inquire whither we are going. Times may be prosperous and money plenty in the country, but wages have by no means kept pace with the increase in the cost of living. Government must be maintained and mobs dispelled even if men are killed in doing it, but the present industrial system compels readjustment and either compulsory arbitration or industrial war must come.

Taxation of Colleges.

A significant and important action was taken by the Massachusetts Legislature when it voted overwhelmingly against the bill to tax residence property owned by collegiate institutions and occupied by members of the faculty. This action was undoubtedly made possible by the address of President Eliot of Harvard before the Recess Committee on Taxation. These institutions are doing at private expense for public benefit the work elsewhere carried on by state institutions, and "there is no burden whatever on the towns and cities which contain institutions of higher education" but rather "enrichment and elevation for all." This last point Dr. Eliot proves by comparison of tax rates in many towns where colleges are with those not so fortunate. The pamphlet is a contribution to the whole subject of taxation.

Foraker-Taft Controversy.

Ohio politics have been decidedly warlike with Senator Foraker donning his red paint and eagle feathers and "brother Charles" Taft, editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star, promptly accepting the challenge, but the dove of political peace has come suddenly from an unexpected quarter. Although Secretary Taft was credited with the overthrow of "Boss" Cox two years ago, the latter has now come out on the Taft side, and Chairman Brown of the State Central Committee confidently asserts the war is over and Ohio is solid for Taft. Senator Foraker with commendable zeal asserts the fight will go on, but there seems little chance of even a battle in which to win glory. C. A. O.

Crosby Called Back

Crosby, why did you leave us?
We needed you here in the fight.
Why did the high gods bereave us?
We needed your bold arm, believe us,
To carry the torch in the night.

They sounded recall and you started,
And now you are There upon guard,
In the band of the heroes departed,
Still fighting our battle, high-hearted,
Our captain, our brother, our bard.

You went as a knight goes a-faring,
To join the brave comrades above,
To rally where Lincoln and Waring
And Greeley and all of the daring
Still fight in the battle of love.

The Herods of hatred assailed you;
They pricked you with thorns and with spears;
But up in the Light, when Earth failed you,
The heroes of Heaven, they hailed you—
Jones, Garrison, George, and the seers—

High souls that had valor and vision,
High souls that passed under the rod;
Yet held on through scourge and derision,
Still calling the world to decision,
To choose between Mammon and God.

From purple and pomp you elected
To walk in the gray common road.
To keep your free soul high-erected,
You joined the despised, the rejected,
To lift at the terrible load.

We saw you, with strong face unfearing
Make way through the noise of the horde—
Right on through the gibe and the jeering;
And ever to laughter and fleering,
Your song was your answering sword.

What voice will now speak for the humble,
O Crosby—yea speak for us all?
What hand light the way where we stumble?
What hand stay the pillars that crumble,
And put back the stones in the wall?

And now that your errand is ended,
And now that your steps go afar,
What strong soul will catch up the splendid
High dreams that your spirit attended—
The purpose of God for our star?

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence.

MON.—The only true knowledge of our fellow-men is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion.

TUES.—The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

WED.—It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult.

THURS.—This world is not a very fine place for a good many of the people in it. But I've made up my mind it sha'n't be the worse for me if I can help it.

FRI.—There is much pain that is quite noiseless; and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence.

SAT.—In our Spring-time every day has its hidden growths in the mind, as it has in the earth when the little folded blades are geting ready to pierce the ground.

—*George Eliot.*

Make Your Heart a Little Bower

My bower is newly bathed to-day.
With sunny glints and vanishings,
And diamond pools on every spray,
And scents, and blooms, and wings.

A little city-circled bower,
And life around is harsh and mean;
Yet here I talk with bird and flower,
And keep my spirit green.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

What They Wanted

"If you could have just what you wanted, what would you have?" I asked my class of seven in the mission school.

Surprise was on every face. They dreamed of many things, but never expected to have their dreams realized.

"What would you have, Mary Rosham?"

"I'd have a piece of red ribbon, so long," measuring with her hands outstretched. "I see some in Finney's winder, all hangin' down, an' it had tulips the whole piece of it."

"What would you do with it?"

The poor child's dress was thin and old. Her hood was too large, and her coat never was made by a tailor or fitted to her childish figure.

"I'd keep it rolled up in paper, an' when I was that cold I shook, I'd take it out and jes' drop it an' see it roll out like a blaze of fire. I seen the man what was fixin' the winder do it."

"The price of even a small piece of that ribbon would buy bread for several days," I said, wonderingly.

"I'd eat the bread, but I'd have the ribbon, for always," was the concise remark.

Grace Dunn sat next in order, and with a look at her sister, a deformed, crooked-backed girl, she said:

"I wish I could have one of them cushion's what ye blow up, to put under Ferry's back when she aches so."

"Oh, shut up! I hain't ached much for two whole days, an' I don't need no cushion," was the sharp rejoinder from Ferry.

"Well, Ferry, what do you want more than an air cushion?"

A wave of rapture swept over her face as she answered.

"Some blue kid slippers! Jim Townsend took me to the Musee, an' I see a girl jes' stan' on tiptoe and whirl roun' and roun' in 'em."

"How could you wear them?" and I glanced at her shriveled foot, and then at the crutch always standing near her.

"Wal, I could think, spos'n I could."

The youngest in the class was asked if she wanted a doll but she indignantly said she didn't. I should have provided each one of them with a doll had I followed my own inclination. How fortunate that I thought to ask what they wanted!

"I'd nuff sight druther hav' Sally's baby. He'll jes' laugh and cuddle down so cute like. We don't need no doll so long's we've got him. Sally she divides with me, she doos, an' when I touches him so, on his cheek, he shines all over his face. Doll! I'd never git no doll that ud do that!"

I did not blame her, for what doll could silence the craving in my own heart for the little ones gone? Who that has felt a baby's touch can ever again be content with mere beauty, be it clothed in silk and imported from Paris?

"Then what would you like?" I asked.

She and Sally both agreed that a silver mug for baby Danny would fill them with happiness untold.

Rubi Vallini had gone away, and we wondered what she would ask for were she here and one child said:

"She wants books, an' she can remember everything, and she tells it to somebody else every day. She's told lots of folks what you said."

The other child wanted some pink tissue paper, and a white puffy thing to wear round her neck. By questioning her closely I made out that she meant an ostrich feather boa such as I had seen Ruth King wear, and for which she told me her mother paid fifteen dollars. Poor little one! she wanted it because it looked so warm and she had all her life been shivering.

The next Sunday I provided a substitute for my mission class, and went into the Sunday-school of the wealthy church which had care of the mission. I told my story. Not a smile was on the faces of those who listened. It was too pitiful. Tears glistened on some faces, and many of the older members seemed to have bad colds.

Of course it was intended to have a fine tree and presents for every pupil, but now it was moved that these extra gifts should be provided. And so it happened that blue kid shoes were bought for feet that could never wear them; a silver mug and pitcher for Sally and the friend who shared her care of Danny; a long strip of the very ribbon that Mary had admired in Finney's window; a roll of tissue paper and a fur collar made a merry time for the one who was always cold. It had once been worn by some more fortunate child, but it mattered little so long as it was warm and soft.

I have seen the pink paper draped round the poor room in honor of my coming. I have seen Danny drink from his silver mug, while Sally stood joyfully by to pour the thin blue milk from the silver pitcher. I have been told many stories of the journeys of the blue kid slippers while Ferry lay with eyes shut and imagined that she was wearing them away to those wonderful places. I have seen the little one sitting on a stone step shivering while she loaned her fur collar to one whose chilled shoulders had brought tears to her eyes.

It did seem a foolish thing at first to try to gratify these strange tastes, but I am glad I did, for every one is the better for the gift.—*N. A. M. Roe.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Professional Notes

LIBRARIANS SOUTHWARD BOUND.

The twenty-ninth annual conference of the American Library Association will be held at Asheville, N. C., from Thursday, May 23, to Wednesday, May 29, inclusive. This will be its second conference in the Southern States, though as early as 1892 a party of some sixty library workers took an extensive and memorable post-conference trip (after the sessions at Lakewood, New Jersey), which included quite a part of the territory that will be covered by many in their post-conference wanderings this year. In response to urgent invitation they extended their trip at that time as far as Raleigh, West Virginia, visiting Washington, Baltimore, Harper's Ferry, Charlottesville, Natural Bridge, Richmond, Virginia Beach, Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, Hampton, etc.

No startling results followed this semi-missionary tour, but by 1898 library interest had developed sufficiently in the South so that a strong plea was made for a regular meeting of the American Association in that part of the country and the invitation to Atlanta was accepted for 1899, with post-conference trip to Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. The first invitation to Asheville came in 1901, but seemed at that time premature. True to its fixed policy of meeting in different sections of the country, and now in the city, now at some atractive summer resort, the Association has met, since 1899, at Montreal, Waukesha, Boston and Magnolia, Niagara Falls, St. Louis, Portland, Ore., and Narragansett Pier.

Of these later conferences, the one at Boston and Magnolia broke all Association records for membership and attendance; that at St. Louis was distinguished by its distinctly international character; while that at Portland took an enthusiastic party, growing as it advanced, across the continent to quite fresh fields and pastures new and gave them not only a spirited and successful conference, but the time of their lives with post-conference trips to Alaska, the Yosemite and the Yellowstone.

In the meantime the Southern librarians have not been idle. The passing years have seen such progress that the invitation which in 1901 was hardly taken seriously has now been heartily accepted and all indications point to a by no means small attendance. Chicago librarians are particularly interested in the success of this conference, the President this year being Mr. Clement W. Andrews of the John Crerar Library. Besides it chief, a round dozen members of the Crerar staff are going to Asheville and will form the nucleus of the Western party to leave here on special cars at noon of Wednesday, the 22d, reaching Asheville early the next afternoon.

The conference program, according to the official bulletin, has been based upon two or three leading principles. Believing that the greatest benefit is derived from the informal discussions of the meetings of the affiliated societies, sections and round tables, liberal provision has been made for these, and the general sessions have been limited to five, one each morning. At these general sessions there are to be two chief topics. The first is a review of the Southern library movement since the Atlanta Conference in 1899. A general paper on the subject will be followed by a series of shorter papers presenting the special conditions of each state. The other chief topic is the use of books. This will be discussed in a series of papers on the special points for different classes of books and readers. Among the former may be mentioned bibliography, law, medicine, history, science, art and fiction; among the latter, books for the blind, for teachers and for children. As an introduction the Association is to have the pleasure and profit of an address from Professor William B. Trent of Columbia University.

The 1904 and the 1905 conferences having been held in connection with expositions, it has been facetiously remarked that the Asheville conference will also be able to offer exposition attractions, without which no A. L. A. conference now seems to be quite complete. The special Jamestown rates offered by the railroads make it really cheaper to go to Norfolk than not to do so, and while the vigorous protest against the excessive militarism of the Jamestown program has killed the interest of not a few in the display there,

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JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

Studies in Religion
11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

Poetry and Sociology
8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

Ministers' Retreat—August 4-9

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

Woman's Meeting

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Friday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Richard Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

Sunday Meetings

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.
*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Bible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.

Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

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Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

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the Exposition will undoubtedly have its share of library visitors. Two parties will leave Asheville for the Exposition, one immediately after the close of the conference of May 29th, the other after a post-conference sojourn at Hot Springs, N. C., from May 29 to June 3. Hampton will of course be visited, while some will take the trip up the James River to Richmond. Others are going to Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. Thanks to the unusually favorable rates, many of the Western party will return via Washington and New York and some will even improve the opportunity to make acquaintance with Boston. As your foreign correspondent will be wandering with the rest, she will expect for the next fortnight, at least, to find abundant note topics in the sights and experiences of the day and hour.

M. E. H.

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